

There Be Demi-gods

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Summary: Norse deities have been known to be more protective of their children than other mythological gods. Especially if their children are in constant need. HTTYD, Thor, and Percy Jackson and the Olympians.

1. Chapter 1

There Be Demi-gods

By: iamCambria

_**Introduction: **__Norse deities have been known to be more protective of their children than other mythological gods. Especially if their children are in constant need._

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A/N: I felt like this needed to happen, How to Train Your Dragon, Thor, and Percy Jackson-let's see what happens.

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><p>The large mountains of Berk towered over the pair. Above the slate-grey behemoths was a fresh powder blue sky, dappled with cotton fluff clouds. Early birds twittered and called to their kin before flying away to use the day.<p>

Below the mountains were the inseparable pair of boy and dragon. They looked across the sea and up to the sky longingly. They enjoyed the

new morning together because it was a morning of quiet and a morning of them; they were able to swim in its peace.

That is until the boy spoke.

"Hey, Toothless"do you want to go fly?" A coy smile crept across his freckled face.

The black Night Fury became excited. He started shuffling around hurriedly on the cliff outcropping they were on. He snorted and grunted while bouncing around.

Hiccup let out an amused laugh, and climbed onto the happy dragon. "That's the spirit"whoa!"

Toothless had lunged into the air before Hiccup could finish his sentence. With an eager laugh, the young Viking clicked the pedal that controlled his best friend's prosthetic tailfin. Not long after that, the duo began their morning flight"complete with time trial race and aerial acrobatics. And soon enough, an hour passed without the two really knowing or caring"it was the one part of their day when they didn't have to worry about anything. It was just them above the sea, below the clouds and nothing but miles of air at their disposal.

Hiccup lifted his head proudly into the wind that buffeted his hair. This was his and Toothless' kingdom, they were the kings of the sky"nothing could shake them from their domain. And he was pretty darn sure that not even the gods in Valhalla had as great of a view as they did.

But his happy, serene moment ended; suddenly Toothless shot into a dive, his wings folding as close as possible to his sides. Hiccup's hands instinctively tightened on the handles of the saddle; the breath was knocked out of him at the sudden lurching speed. It was over quickly before Toothless pulled up with a gentle unfurling of his wings"allowing the air to catch slowly in them.

"Toothless, bud, what was that?" Hiccup asked worriedly, trying to relax himself.

The Night Fury gave a mocking purr, as if to say _'you were daydreaming silly. Wake up.'_

Hiccup rolled his eyes, but with a smile nonetheless. "Ha, ha, very funny you overgrown reptile."

Toothless in turn gave a mirthful croon before starting a series of intense loopy-loops. Hiccup threw his hands up into the air, only holding on to the dragon with his knees. Laughter escaped his lips"his happy mood had returned.

"Yeah, go baby!" he shouted enthusiastically.

Toothless gave a triumphant roar, before flying straight again. Hiccup inhaled before giving a content sigh. He pat the dragon's head.

"Alright bud, we should probably head back." Hiccup admitted.

Toothless gave an unhappy whine.

"I know, I know." Hiccup agreed. "But we've got responsibilities like the Dragon Academy."

The Night Fury made a snort that sounded like, _'screw responsibility'._

"Toothless," Hiccup said seriously. "I promise to take you out for a midnight run after Flight Club tonight."

The dragon was still, other than his wings, before nodding begrudgingly.

"Honestly, do you know how much you tire me out, Mr. High Priority?" The boy chuckled. Toothless cooed.

Hiccup then looked out to the sea. He looked to the left; and to the right. He didn't know where they were. All he knew was that they were somewhere to the west, judging by the sun's position.

"Alright Toothless, fly due east. Berk is bound to be east."

The dragon gave an affirmative growl before turning tail and flying the opposite direction. They flew for what seemed like ages, before they came across a fierce wall of dark grey thunderheads. Hiccup didn't like thunderheads because if there was thunder, there was more-than-likely lightning. True, Toothless was the unholy offspring of lightning and death themselves, but both he and the dragon had metal prosthetics. And as they recently discovered, lightning is attracted to metal.

"Toothless, we'll have to skirt around the storm." Hiccup told his dragon.

But Toothless kept going on his current path.

Hiccup figured that the Night Fury hadn't heard himâ€"despite his magnificent hearing abilities.

"Toothless, fly around the storm."

Still Toothless kept flying, waivered by the loom storm he had brought them into.

"Toothâ€" "

BOOM!

A crack of thunder clapped and the dark clouds surrounded them. Toothless hummed, and his ears and feelers vibrated rhythmically. Hiccup knew that tell-tale sign; Toothless was following a call. But what could be strong and powerful enough to summon the Night Fury in such a way?

A furious roar filled the air.

_Oh gods, no. _Hiccup's mind begged.

Toothless seemed unfazed but Hiccup's blood froze. That dragon callâ€”he knew it and feared it. That roar belonged to only one dragonâ€”the Red Death.

Said ginormous dragon flew out of the clouds as angry and as murderous as the day it had died. Hiccup's heart skipped a beat. How? How could that thing be alive still? It had been blown to smithereens.

A shining glint caught his eye. He looked up to see a man with an eye patch on his right eye and clad in nothing but truly dazzling golden armor stood atop the horn crown of the evil beast; his one pale eye stared coldly at Hiccup.

As soon as the two terrifying figures came upon them, Toothless was shaken from his trance. He tried to pull into a famous Night Fury dive, but the man figure spoke at once. If what he did could be called speaking.

"Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third," His voice thundered, it resonatedâ€”shaking the sky and the earth below.

Hiccup's muscles wouldn't budge. Toothless could only hover. Cold hard realization punched him in the face. This was no man, this wasâ€”

"Odin." Hiccup blanched.

"Hiccup, you need to come with me." Odin commanded, getting straight to the point.

"What? Where?" He asked dumbly, all his wits and smarts currently disappeared. He was facing the king of the gods.

"To the future, you are the key weapon to a battle _I _cannot lose."

All of Hiccup's sarcasm returned at that given point in time. He would be sure to thank Loki, king of serpent's tongue later on if he lived past this experience.

"Glad to know I am a useful weapon." Hiccup snipped.

"You dare and mock me, boy?" The god demanded, enraged.

"Oh no, no, noâ€”never in my wildest dreams." The Viking returned snarkily.

"I have very little tolerance for you or your parentage. Know that I would end you in an instant if you weren't needed. I am only taking you because I need youâ€”alive." The All-Father stated angrily.

Hiccup's mind returned at that moment too.

"Well," he growled, never imagining that he would stand up to a god. "I will not even comply with you because of your disrespect. I will not tolerate an old man for disrespecting my parents; me? I'm okay with, I'm used to people deprecating meâ€”but you will not be allowed to disrespect my mother and father."

He put a calm hand on Toothless' head.

_Please bud, you need to snap out of it, just like me. _"Let's go Toothless!" he yelled.

The dragon was shaken from his cold state at the urgency of his best friend's voice and he dove into the safe havens of black clouds, hidden from the furious eyes of Odin. Glad the Night Fury was a highly stealthy dragon.

"HICCUP!" the out raged god roared, "I will get you Hiccup Lokison! Whether you want to or not, you will come!"

They escaped the furious Odin, but Hiccup's mind was running amuck very quickly. Why was Odin after him? Why was he to go to the future? And why did the All-Father call him, Hiccup Lokison? Maybe he wouldn't thank Loki after all.

Oh it was all so messed up. Only minutes ago had life been so simple and perfect.

It was a five minute ride back to Berk. Which was good because he didn't think his frazzled mind would've lasted much longer. As soon as Toothless touched down, Hiccup toppled off and stumbled inside his house. Luckily Stoick the Vast, his very large and Viking-y father, was there.

"Dad!" Hiccup gasped.

Stoick turned around, a look of relief washed over him as he saw his son.

"Och, there ye are Hiccup. I was lookin' all over for ye. Astrid said ye never got to the Academy so I came lookin'."

Hiccup didn't answer but leaned against a wood chair for support. Toothless snuck in quietly, watching the unavoidable conversation between father and son.

"What's the matter Hiccup? Looks like you've seen a _draugr._" Stoick said jokingly.

Hiccup gulped. "I did see a draugr, dad."

Stoick smirked. "Oh? And whose ghost might you have seen?"

"The Red Death's." Hiccup breathed.

Stoick stopped smiling. "The Red Deaâ€" "

"And," Hiccup whispered. "I saw Odin."

His father visibly paled. He reached out and grabbed Hiccup by the shoulders and looked at him seriously. "What did Odin tell you?"

Hiccup's voice cracked. "He told me that he needed me to go to the future with him because I'm some sort of important weapon. He said he would take me, _no matter what_."

Stoick did not call him ridiculous.

Stoick did not defend Odin.

Stoick did not curse Odin.

Stoick looked at his son with worried eyes.

"Did he hurt you?" the chief hissed.

Hiccup was visibly shaking now. "Dad."

Stoick's gaze softened even more, and he supported his son against his strong frame. A Stoick equivalent to a hug.

"Yes son? I'm listening."

Listening to each other had taken a long time for the two. In fact, it involved a dragon war almost killing all of Berk, Hiccup almost dying and the said dragon war to end for the father-son problems to come to a stalemate. So Stoick knew this was important.

"He called me Hiccup Lokison." Hiccup whimpered.

That did it. Stoick's eyes immediately filled with rage and fear,

"What?"

Hiccup repeated quieter this time. "He called me Hiccup Lokison."

Stoick's grip tightened on his son.

"Dad?" Hiccup asked unsurely.

Stoick did not meet the eyes of his son. "I'm so sorry you had to find out this way, Hiccup. You deserve so much better. No one should ever have to find out this way."

His voice was not his own. It was higher, softer, not-Stoick.

Before Hiccup could question the odd statement, Toothless growled violently from the shadows where he lurked. Hiccup looked down to see the hands on his shoulders growing smaller and the fingers elongating. The strong muscular arms began to thin and the Viking garb began to disappear and reform as striking black gold and green garments. His father before him began to change forms.

Hiccup took a frightened step away from the man.

When the transformation was complete, the man standing before him was not Stoick the Vast.

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><p>AN: Alright, you guys decide-yea or nay? I'm currently working on a Nightmare's Blessing, so if you guys don't like this story plan, it can just be a one-shot. But if you like it, let me

know and I'll continue.**

2. Chapter 2: Stoick is WHO?

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><p>There Be Demi-gods

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><p>Chapter 2: Stoick is WHO?

Hiccup backed away from the man; he couldn't control his shaking, how could this be happening? He couldn't control his fear. But to his relief, a scaly head searched its way under his drooping left hand and snaked its black body protectively around its boy. Toothless would assure no strange man would harm his Hiccup.

The man in front of them made no show of emotion towards Toothless' sign of aggression. He simply crossed his arms. This gave Hiccup the opportunity to observe the imposter. He wore all black in his pants, boots, and shirt; the only colors were from his long-sleeved leather coat which was shaded different tones of green, and his armor which were gold with little swirls of dark bronze. The man had bright emerald eyes, and pitch, raven hair which was shaggily hanging above his shoulders.

They didn't move for some time. Toothless was the one who made the first move; he carefully unwound himself from the boy's body and cautiously made his way to the mysterious man. The man in turn, slowly reached his hand out until it was inches away from the dragon's snout. With a growl, and careful movements, the Night Fury sniffed the hand.

All hostility left Toothless and soon enough he was licking and nudging the man's hand. The man gave a relieved smile and pat the flat part of Toothless' head. The dragon gave a friendly woof, his expressions akin to a happy puppy, and turned around to smile toothlessly at Hiccup.

"Traitor." said boy muttered.

The man glanced at Hiccup sadly. "Do you really not recognize me, Hiccup?"

His voice was rich, and prominently drenched in some sort of an accent. It was not a harsh Viking accent as Stoick's was, but something softer. It was lulling yet something about it made the speaker sound aristocratic and sophisticated.

"I know you changed from my father who was much bigger than you." Hiccup snapped.

"How observant of you." The man quipped.

_No, _Hiccup thought angrily at his rising nerves, _I need to keep myself together. All I've got is my witâ€"I'd better put it to good use._

"Well, someone finally notices my abilities." He snorted.

The man hummed. "I've noticed your capabilities ever since you were young."

"That's not at all creepy."

"Is it not custom for a father to notice their son'sâ€"?"

"You're not my father. Stoick the Vast is." Hiccup snarked at the man.

"Stoick the Vast is my creationâ€"I am Stoick." The man explained. "T'was a ruse on my part. As I said before; I'm truly sorry you found out in this manner. I had planned to tell you later on in your life."

"Who the heck says 't'was'?" Hiccup chuckled bitterly.

"Is that really what you wish to bring up?" The man questioned, brows raised.

"It's just a word, a rather stupid word too." Hiccup returned. "My father, _Stoick_, would never say 't'was'."

"I am your father Hiccup."

"I'm sorry but I find it hard to believe you."

The man drawled. "I would not be surprised, given my reputation."

That blew the young boy's nerves.

"Who are you and what do you want with me?" He demanded.

The man frowned. "Come now, use your head Hiccup. You're a clever boyâ€"figure it out."

"I donâ€"?" He started but stopped. Odin's words played again and again in his mind.

"I will get you Hiccup Lokisson!" The old being roared.

Hiccup stumbled back, his heart beating wildly.

"No!" He gasped.

"It took you long enough." The man observed with thoughtful mockery.

"This is so messed upâ€" "

"That is a bit offensive."

"â€"this was never supposed to happenâ€" "

"Ah, I agree. But I did occur; although I cannot quite say I am ashamed of my actions. I enjoyed them thoroughly."

Hiccup looked at the man with disgust.

Said man shrugged. "What do you expect from the god of Mischief?"

"Loki." Hiccup stated. "That's why Odin called me Lokisson."

The god nodded. "Yes, but quite frankly I like your given name Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third."

"Well I bet you had fun naming me that." Hiccup quipped with a sardonic tone.

"Actually, your name was your grandfather's idea." Loki thought aloud.

Hiccup crossed his arms.

"Old Wrinkly, not Odin." Loki amended with a grin.

"Mom's dad."

"Yes. Her side of the family were the Haddocks. I actually, wanted to originally name you Aesir Erikkur, but I fear, being that I was not Loki to them, the name would not have made sense. So your grandfather decided to give you a terrifying middle name while carrying on his family name and being given the traditional name of the runt all at the same time."

Loki shrugged. "As you now know, I had very little say in your name."

Hiccup just stared coldly at the Aesirâ€"the Trickster.

Loki took a step forward. "I know this must be hard toâ€" "

"Did she know?" Hiccup questioned, voice emotionless.

The Trickster tilted his head to the side, acknowledging his confusion to the boy.

"Did my motherâ€" " he paused. "Did Valhallarama know you were Loki?"

The "god" visibly winced as he remembered a conversation he had with his wife, once long ago.

"Val?" Loki in the form of Stoick the Vast asked.

_ "Yes?" The female Viking grunted, she was polishing both of their war time armor and weapons. Her five month's pregnancy clearly

visible now through her simple tunic._

_ "If I were someone, someone other than who I say I am, would you still care for me?" He questioned._

_ Valhallarama looked up from her polishing. "Who would you be other than you?"_

_ Stoick-Loki pondered a possible answer. "Say I was a Jotunn or the Trickster god of Asgard."_

_ Val put on a thoughtful expression before answering. "Well, I would bash you on the head, really, _really_ hard." She admitted while flicking her red brown bangs out of her face._

_ Loki winced._

_ His wife got up, albeit slowly because of the life within her, and made her way to her husband._

_ "But." She stated. "Even if you were Loki himself, I would still love you and still stay by your side."_

_ "You would?"_

_ "Yes."_

_ "Val, I have something to tell you" But then he stopped. _

_ Perhaps I will tell her after the child is born._

"No." Loki growled, his emerald eyes growing dangerously dark. "I never got the chance to tell her."

"Hiccup surprised Loki by laughing. "You knew her for 30 years" I think you would've found time to say, I don't know, _'Hey Val' just to let you know: I'm Loki, god of Mischief.'"_

"As much as you Migardians wish, we are not gods"although your admiration is truly flattering." Loki admitted.

The brought Hiccup off topic. "Wait, you're not a god? You lied to me?"

"I never said I was."

"Oh yes you did."

"I do not recall"

"You said 'what do you expect from the _god_ of Mischief'. I should've expected as much from the king of lies as well."

Loki chuckled and grinned. "Good|good."

"What?" Hiccup pressed, anger welling up in him.

"Oh I like how much you embrace the sarcastic personality both your mother and I gave you."

The boy pursed his lips.

"Allow yourself to come to the conclusion Hiccup; you are as silver-tongued as I am." Loki whispered with a smug smirk.

"In exchange for what, a lack of a Viking figure?" Hiccup demanded rhetorically. "All my life I tried to live in your great shadowâ€"all I can remember is living in your shadow. If you are the silver-tongued patron of weaklings, of underdogsâ€"of hiccupsâ€"why did you try to force me to become the great Viking I could _never _be?"

Loki swallowed. "I have no excuse for my actions as Stoick the Vast other than thisâ€"I went insane after your mother died. She was the only mortal woman that I ever loved, or cared to love. I began to believe the lie that I had told everyoneâ€"that I was some great strong man born to be a chief and lead this tribe. And I lost myself to itâ€"I truly believe that I was Stoick."

"So what made you remember?" Hiccup questioned.

"You."

"Meâ€"how?"

"After you fell off Toothless," The black haired being said, gesturing to the Night Fury. "I felt so powerless as Stoick. I couldn't do anything to help you; all I could do was pray that you would live."

Hiccup sucked his breath in through his pursed mouth.

"And when I uttered that prayer, I remember who I wasâ€"that I was Loki Odinson. And that when I found you, with Toothless curled around you. I took me almost losing everyone I care about to remember the truth, but when I did, I swore never to lose myself to a lie again. I couldn't watch anyone else I loved die."

Hiccup glared at Loki, he opened his mouth to speak but then he closed it. He stiffly turned on his heel and walked towards the door. He gestured with his hand to Toothless for him to follow. The dragon sulkily left Loki's side to join his best friend.

Loki reached out, trying to stop them. "Hicâ€"

Hiccup turned his head to the side, glowering. "I just need some air and some time to think. I'll come back."

Loki narrowed his eyes and frowned at the boy, but nodded all the same. "Very well."

Hiccup turned back around and opened the front door and walked out without looking back again. He closed it and let his fingers slide slowly from the iron bar on it.

"I'll be back, maybe." He muttered.

Looking at Toothless tiredly, he reached over and grabbed the handles on the saddle. With a quick heave he pulled himself up onto the

dragon's back. He slide his prosthetic into its proper stirrup. With a sigh, he patted the dragon's neck to give him the okay to fly. Toothless sullenly opened his wings and took off.

Hiccup tried to relax.

He and Toothless were the kings of the sky. The open air was their kingdom and their freedom; so why did he feel trapped?

3. Chapter 3: Oh Brother

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><p>Chapter 3: Oh Brother

Loki gave a tired sigh. He hadn't expected telling Hiccup so early. They had just finally begun to listen to each other; he wasn't ready to give up that relationship so easily. But then Odin just had to break in and ruin everything.

_Curse you, father. _Loki growled, slowly changing his form back into Stoick the Vast. He didn't want any unexpected visitor to barge in on him. _You had to ruin the small bond that I was repairing with Hiccup. The bond I had once had with him when he was but a small babe. _

Oh how he missed the good old days. Sitting back in his wood chair, he leaned his head against the long back. He could see Valhallarama smiling jovially while she played with Hiccup on the floor. All the while Hiccup was babbling non-stop, his too large emerald eyes wide as he and his mother played with a set of rune-blocks.

"Nothing is simple anymore." He sighed again, wishing he had grabbed ice from the frozen pit. Being a Jotunn under an extreme amount of stress, he needed the soothing cool to calm his nerves.

But even then the ice probably wouldn't help.

It wouldn't solve his problem with Hiccup.

Or his problem with Odin.

It would only temporarily relieve him of more migraines to come.

"I need to do something." Loki decided. "Perhaps I will go around the village. Surely someone might need the help of their chief."

Hefting up, Loki causally strolled out of the house, trying to ignore the pulling feeling of his guilt. He hated that little conscience he had. He wished he could kill itâ€”it certainly would make life so much easier.

He walked down the hill, savoring the peace of his village. Rarely was Berk silent or peaceful; it was moments such as these that Loki truly enjoyed living in the village. It was hardly the splendor of Asgard, but it did carry its own splendor. This little village with long, impressive docks and a Great Hall that truly lived up to the "greatness", were all built with the sweat and blood of men.

Not by Asgardians who were superior to men in strength.

But by short-life, little mortals.

"Stoick!" a female voice cried out.

He turned around to see Astrid running towards him, Stormfly in tow.

"Ah, Astrid, lassâ€”there ye are." He said, allowing Stoick's much more gruff voice emanate from his throat.

"Sir, have you seen Hiccup? He didn't show up today." She said worriedly.

Loki couldn't help but feel worried. When Hiccup was angry, he didn't break things like other Vikings. He ran. Hiccup would run awayâ€”whether on his own foot or on that dragon of his varied. But when Hiccup was distressed or furious he would go away, finding solitude for his muddled thoughts.

"I'm sure 'e's fine lass." He said, the lie rolling straight off his tongue.

"True, but I'm worried, you know?" Astrid continued. "Ever since the Berserker attacked, I can't really feel too great when he's out there on his own. Even if he's got Toothless."

Loki nodded. "I understand Astrid, but Hiccup's a growin' boy. 'E needs time to 'imself to sort things out."

"Do you know where he went, sir?" She asked hopefully.

"'Fraid not."

Astrid gave a frustrated sigh. She really didn't like losing.

"Well, I'm going to look for him. He shouldn't be out there on his own." She gestured to Stormfly, and the vain Nadder came over obediently. "Come on girl, let's go find Hiccup."

"Be careful, a young lass like you shouldn't be goin' out on yer own either." Loki warned. _Especially with raging grandpas floating around in the sky._

"Don't worry sir, I'll be careful. And don't worry; I'll find Hiccup."

She patted the blue dragon on the neck. The Deadly Nadder nodded, and flapped her wings taking off into the sky. Loki waited until the blonde was far away before he began walking through the village again.

It took him a good two hours to finish his patrol. He stopped to say hello to many of the villagers before trekking back up the hill to his house. Surely by now Hiccup would be back. As he approached the house, he let out a sigh. It was clearly empty. The door was still completely shut and the house as silent as the ether.

"You really should be keeping tabs on that son of yours," A husky voice joked from behind him.

Loki spun around, preparing to be met with Gobber but was surprised.

"Hello, brother!" Thor greeted, enveloping him a bone-crushing hug.

Loki gasped, the air squashed right out of him. But also, his fury taking over his entire body. _Thor! How in the name of Hel did he get here? How did he even know me in this form?_

"Certainly you look well brother." Thor complemented, setting the man down. Even in the form of Stoick, Loki looked half as impressive as the blonde god of thunder.

"Thor." Loki growled, his body stiff and hostile.

"Come now Loki," Thor guffawed. "Is this any way to treat your long lost brother?"

"A more correct term: long forgotten brother." Loki quipped, allowing the tips of his lips to tilt up.

"I have missed you brother." Thor continued, his smile growing bigger still.

"I wish the same could be said for you." Loki snapped, small grin disappearing again. "I set up many spells to prevent you from finding me. So how did _you _do it, Thor?"

"Mjolnir sensed your magic." Thor explained, a frown gracing his features as well. "We had not felt the presence of your doings since you have left. After Mjolnir was able to track your signal, I was able to see what has happened to you during this life you have decided to live."

"And my son?"

"I know all about him, brother!" Thor piped up, smile once again blooming across his face. "I am more than thrilled to be the uncle of such a clever warrior."

"Hiccup is far from a warrior."

"For now he is, but that will not be his future."

"How would you know of this?"

"He is of Viking and Asgard. It is in his blood."

"That means nothing."

Thor simply shook his head, still beaming at the Stoick like Loki.

"Why did you really come Thor?" Loki said, changing back into his Æsir form. "Being that it is easy to tell when you are lying, I wish to know why you've truly come to me."

All levity stopped there. Thor's face became darkened, his eyes grimmer, and his lips pursed in a fine line.

"I came for your help, Loki."

The god of Mischief laughed. "You came to me? For help? Oh, you truly must be desperate Thor."

"This of grave matters, brother." Thor rumbled, voice dangerously calm.

"Oh?" Loki chuckled, piping up a brow.

Thor crossed his arms, his mighty Mjolnir clenched tightly within his fists. "There are wrong goings on in Asgard."

"Really?" Loki questioned, crossing his own arms. Something about Thor's tone made him think about what Hiccup had told him earlier, about Odin.

"Something is wrong with the Alfatherâ€|" He paused and then corrected himself. "With our father."

Loki inclined his head, giving Thor permission to continue.

"Few of us have heard contact from him. He has not held Council in months, and even Frigga is worried that father is far more ill than anything we could imagine."

"And I suppose, given my vast knowledge of magic, you were to find me and consult me." Loki guessed.

Thor nodded.

"Give me the symptoms of Odin's malady."

"He is silent. And when he speaks, his voice shakes with powerâ€|" "

"This is his voice." Loki interrupted, waving his brother off dismissively. "What else?"

"His eyes have no light." Thor snapped, angry at the Trickster for interrupting him. "They are not their once ice blue, but a pitiless black."

Loki hummed.

"He makes no eye contact, he uses profanities when he does talk to others, and worst of all—he disappears at night."

The Trickster god cocked his head to the side in confusion.

"He does not return to his quarters with mother." The thunder god explained. "He disappears at night and does not return until the light of dawn. Frigga worries, as does the Warriors Three, Lady Sif, and the rest of Asgard."

"Well," Loki pondered aloud thoughtfully. "From what you have presented to me—it sounds as some sort of possession."

"Possession!" Thor boomed. "Nothing can possess the Allfather!"

"Calm yourself Thor." Loki glowered. "It was only a guess. What you have explained to me gives little information. I would have to see father myself to see the true cause and origin of his illness."

"Then you must come with me to Asgard."

"Thor, I will not." Loki said, preparing to tell his brother of Hiccup's experience earlier that day.

But instead, thunder cracked furiously.

Loki rolled his eyes. "Thor, honestly, you cannot throw a fit every time you are denied something. I was simply going to—"

Thor looked at Loki, his baby blue eyes wide.

"What?" Loki demanded, his own emerald eyes narrowing.

"That was not I, Loki." Thor stated.

Loki's own eyes widened with fear as he looked out for the source of the sound. Accumulating over Berk were dark, ominous storm clouds. They were almost as black as the midnight, and as impregnated with rain as a cloud could get. Loki's stomach form a pit. Only one other Asgardian, other from Thor, could create a storm like that.

"Odin." Thor spoke anxiously, beginning to twirl his hammer around.

Loki swallowed his fear down hard, his eyes looking around for a black dragon.

"Hiccup."

4. Chapter 4: What if this Storm Begins?

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><p>There Be Demi-gods

By: iamCAMBRIA

_Introduction: __Norse deities have been known to be more protective of their children than other mythological gods. Especially if their children are in constant need._

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><p>Chapter 4: What if this Storm Begins?**

Hiccup clicked the stirrup to Toothless' prosthetic as the black Night Fury who dived down onto a small pillar island. The boy jumped off and stood next to the dragon; he rested his arm on the dragon's strong neck. In turn Toothless crooned soothingly.

Hiccup opened his mouth, but no words came out. Just a small squeak. And a frustrated growl.

Toothless nudged the boy's head, green eyes glancing sympathetically.

Hiccup let out a sob, finally breaking down.

He couldn't hold it back anymore.

The midnight dragon pushed up against Hiccup who had now fallen to the ground, his little body shaking and quivering with each cry. Eventually Toothless just ended up lying down next to him, curling his body around the boy and placing his wing around Hiccup supportively.

"Why in the name of the gods did this happen to me?" Hiccup demanded angrily to no one but the dragon.

Toothless huffed in response.

"They must really hate meâ€"the gods." Hiccup choked out, using his fists to force the tears away. A Viking never cries, if he could call himself one. And with everything he had been through with Toothless, he had never once cried. Not once.

The dragon pressed himself closer to his human friend. If only he could speak the human languageâ€"then perhaps he could console the little one. But alasâ€|

Hiccup sniffled, wiping his dripping nose with the sleeve of his tunic. "Sorry, bud. I knowâ€|this isn't like me, butâ€|wellâ€" "

The dragon gave a nod of the head before prodding the boy with his snout again.

Hiccup rested his hand on the black dragon's snout. "Thank you for understanding Toothless. Being a dragon, have you seen this kind of thing before? A god feigning to be a human? Having a child with a human?"

Toothless shook his head, ears flapping wildly.

"A first for you too, huh?" He sniffed. It felt better to talk to Toothless. Why was it that the dragon was always the one who understood him the most?

A ripple of thunder, shook them from their calming position.

Hiccup looked up at the darkening sky with nervous anticipation.

Toothless growled menacingly.

"You don't think thatâ€¦| Loki is looking for me, do you bud?"

The dragon shook his head.

"Your right Loki is the so called 'god' of mischief and lies. Not thunderâ€¦|"

The dragon and boy shared equally terrified looks.

"Oh Thorâ€¦|"

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Astrid shifted up onto a straight up position on Stormfly's back.

"Well girl, what do you think? Where could he have gone?"

The female Nadder squawked back in response.

"So he hasn't gone back to the cove. We know thatâ€¦"so where else could he have gone?"

The dragon gave a flick of her quill infested tail, shooting some mercilessly at the empty ground.

"You're right." Astrid agreed. "Despite how clumsy Hiccup is on land, he and Toothless definitely know how to be as stealthy as the wind, when they're in the sky."

The dragon nodded, careful not to hit Astrid's face with her spikes.

"So maybe they went off of Berk?" The shield maiden supposed, looking around her one more time for any signs of the gimpy Night Fury and rider.

The dragon gave a positive sneeze.

"Okay then, off the island we go. And let's try to be stealthy, I don't want the others coming after us; gods knows that they will only cause panic and a ruckus."

The she-dragon cheeped an affirmative before jumping up into the air, with quick but graceful strokes of her azure wings. Astrid checked behind her one last time, before facing forward. Stormfly had already built a good altitude that just barely skimmed treetops. The

dragoness began to fly slightly above forest level, heading towards the sea shore. If Astrid knew anything, Hiccup and Toothless loved going away from the confines of Berk.

They loved being the lords of the sky, and kings of the winds.

They relished their freedom of the air.

With a sigh, Astrid patted Stormfly's side. "Let's head for any of the surrounding isles, okay girl? If not then we can fan out a bit. I've noticed Hiccup like to travel west when he and Toothless are flying."

Stormfly burbled.

"It's kinda funny actually," Astrid continued, looking around every now and then for her lost friend. "He always goes west—it's almost as if that direction is calling him."

Stormfly glanced briefly at her rider, before continuing her flight path.

"I don't know what happened today, to be honest," Astrid mumbled. "Stoick always knows what's going on in the village. Especially with Hiccup. But today—he really didn't even seem bothered that he was missing. Before he was always worried, because I think he was afraid of hurting other people or even hurting himself. But recently it seems like he has always been genuinely concerned about Hiccup."

The dragon cooed.

"Today, though—he today he seemed unworried about where his son was or what he was even doing. That's not like the chief at all."

Stormfly cocked her head to the side, while she tilted towards the west. She had picked up a scent. She definitely recognized it.

"I just, every time Hiccup and his dad get into a fight—I can't help but worry. Stoick is so much larger and bigger than Hiccup. It wouldn't take much for him to seriously hurt his son—even if it was an accident. I'm not saying Stoick would, I'm just saying that the whole case is not entirely clear."

The Nadder gave out a harsh bark.

"What? What is it Stormfly?" Astrid asked, looking around again.

Then she spotted it. More like them.

There below them, rested a small isle on a now churning sea. She wondered when the tides had begun to pick up. On that small isle was a black dragon and a small human figure. No doubt Hiccup.

"Alright girl, take us down."

Stormfly did not hesitate in circling around, making sure to glide as subtly as possible. But to Astrid's immediate annoyance, a rumble of thunder shook the sky around them as they approached the two. She looked up at the turbulent sky and realized that it had grown dark.

with many clouds impregnated with anger and rain.

"Great, so much for subtlety."

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Hiccup looked up to see Astrid and Stormfly circumventing their small rocky perch. He rolled his eyes and stood up. But he couldn't help but feel a little relieved.

At least it's just Astrid. He thought.

Stormfly landed with a thud, tucking her wings in immediately because the wind had just began to whip around.

"Hiccup!" Astrid shouted over the howling.

"Yup?" He asked casually, hoping there was no more evidence of his breakdown. Although, it was kind of hard to gauge Astrid's reaction with his wind blowing all over his face.

"Where have you been? I've been looking for you for hours! Your dad didn't even know where you were!" She yelled.

Hiccup placed his hands to the sides of his temple so that he could stop his swirling auburn hair from blocking his vision.

"I know," He admitted. "I just had toâ€¦had to leave."

"Why did you have to leave?" Astrid demanded, stepping closerâ€"her own hair was being pulled about. Even a few strands of hair managed to escape the tight plait she normally kept them in.

Hiccup didn't answer.

"Hiccup!" Astrid growled impatiently, just as another clap of thunder rolled across the earth.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you!"

Astrid crossed her arms, whether it was because the wind was chilling her or she was peeved was entirely up to Hiccup to decipher.

"Alright, I tried, if that's how you want it!" He begrudgingly gave in. "I just found out that I'm not exactly who I think I am."

Astrid blinked a few times before she looked Hiccup over. His hair, his suede vest and fur boots were blustering in the wind; his body the only anchor for them. But it wasn't his storm tousled clothes that made him seemâ€¦weaker than usual. It was the bloodshot eyes and tear streaks that ran down his cheeks.

She swallowed, hoping that her Stoick hitting Hiccup theory was incorrect.

"What happened?" She demanded, the wind getting harsher. They would need to seek refuge soon. They and their dragons were going to get blasted off if they didn't leave.

"I found out that my dad isn't who he says he is!" Hiccup cried out desperately. His eyes burned with anger, yet his face only expressed fear.

Hiccup was afraid.

"Hiccup, what in the world do you meaâ€"

She didn't get to finish her sentence.

_"HICCUP LOKISSON!" _A thunderous voice boomed.

Both youths looked up to see a man, floating amidst the swirling, raging clouds. He was dressed in many gold pieces of armor, a red cape billowing around him with fury. Over his right eye was a black eye patch.

"Hiccup Lokisson!" the being repeated, even louder this time. "I told you I would find you again! I do not back down upon my words! And I have spoken! You will come with me, whether you want itâ€"or not!"

Both Toothless and Stormfly stepped in front of their riders. Their eyes burned with draconic rage, and their growls seemed like fierce roars.

"Such primitive creatures!" The man-like thing cackled cruelly. "A shame you should hide behind such weak things! The son of a god, ha!"

With a wave of his bronze scepter that he held proudly in his left hand, a forceful wind pushed past the two creatures. The gale caught in the two reptile's wings and both went flying off the small isle.

Hiccup looked back in fear. Only slightly relieved that both Toothless and Stormfly were buoyantly bobbing in the chopping ocean waters.

"Hiccup, what's going on?" Astrid whispered, grabbing on to the boy's arm. She really wished that she had brought her axe. Yet to her surprise, Hiccup shook her hand off.

He looked forward. Absolute. Rage. Burning. His. Emerald. Eyes.

"Odin! You are not gods!" He yelled, though he voice was not quite as loud as the elder's. He was lucky that he had remembered what Loki had said.

"Odin?" Astrid shrieked, looking horrified.

Odin smiled, sinister and creepy written all over his face. "Very well, Hiccup Lokisson! You have decided your own destiny! I told you I would take you whether you agreed or not. You have forfeited a peaceful agreement, so there for I will take you by force!"

Hiccup glared at the man, his lips curled up in an uncharacteristic snarl.

Astrid had never seen him like this before.

Just as Odin was about to say something, a huge veil of lightning spurted from the sky, dancing all around them and the clouds. Odin looked disturbed, and caught unawares.

"Father!" Two distinct voices roared out.

Spinning around, they saw two figures. One was clearly a blonde man flying with a hammer in his left hand. A red cape similar to Odin's fluttered in the wind as he flew towards them. He wore silver armor along with red leathers and cloths for embellishment. On his back was another man, his arms were wrapped around the other's neck. He wore black and green leathers with hints of gold and bronze armor glinting here and there.

"Thor, Loki!" Odin bellowed, furiously glowering at the two.

"Get away from my son, father!" Loki cried out, hoping that Thor would fly faster.

Odin glared at both of his sons, before dropping from his position in the sky to the isle where Hiccup and Astrid were.

Both children screamed.

Astrid, though, ever loyally placed herself in front of Hiccup. The angry god of battle and storms looked at her before batting her out of the way. She tumbled not too far from the edge but not over; she thanking all the training she had as a warrior that she was strong and agile.

Hiccup wasn't so lucky.

Odin wrapped his thick bulging arm around the boy's neck, pulling him close. Hiccup let out a strangled cry as he was raised into the sky along with the crazy 'god'. From the sea, Toothless could be heard keening in hatred. From the skies, both Loki and Thor screamed in fury.

Odin raised his scepter up over his head, causing the storm to thicken around him and the boy.

Just as this happened, the gods of thunder and mischief approached the isle. Loki jumped off Thor's back, landing right behind Astrid. He wrapped himself around her, protecting her from Odin's anger.

"FATHER!" Thor howled, speeding towards the swirling storm; his hammer crackling with the electrical power of lightning.

Hiccup looked at Loki, the second the Trickster had looked up from his protective stance over Astrid. Their equally emerald eyes met. Hiccup's eyes were just as terrified as his father's.

The pale lips of the boy mouthed out one word. "Dad."

Odin yowled and the storm exploded, blasting everything—including the flying Thor and the crouching Loki and Astrid. Loki gather Astrid up underneath him, protecting her with his body. But he couldn't

forget Hiccup's expression. He had failed to protect him.

The storm had begun.

* * *

><p>AN: anyone seeing any similar characteristics to Loki, that Hiccup has? And to my lovely reviewers, thanks so much for your support! Takk fyrir!**

5. Chapter 5: Visiting Day

There Be Demi-gods

By: iamCAMBRIA

_Introduction: __Norse deities have been known to be more protective of their children than other mythological gods. Especially if their children are in constant need._

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A/N: I just wanted to alert my followers, that this story is now being moved to the Percy Jackson section of the HTTYD Xover fanfic. It is now dÃ©buting in this story and it will take up most of it. Of course Thor, Loki, and Odin from the Marvel movies will be in this story, but the main focus is on Hiccup and Percy and the other demigods. So yup yup, that's all I wanted to tell you guys. So be aware.

* * *

><p>Chapter 5: Visiting Day<p>

It was bright sunny day, the rays beat down violently upon the people who played underneath. Below the beautiful sky and the burning sun, children to teenagers scrambled around the fields. Many of them were, not your normal idea of, wellâ€|children. They wore armor and carried weapons while eagerly and happily flaunting their orange or purple t-shirts.

The orange t-shirts said "Camp Half-Blood" in sharp, pointed letters.

Those with purple t-shirts claimed "Camp Jupiter" in capital, Times New Roman font.

These campers were split, half and half of each team were paired up. Playing against each other. But not everyone was playing this game, many of the purple and orange shirts were playing other gamesâ€|such as simple game of swords, archery, tag, and food eating competitions.

But those such people are not the main focus.

Far below on the training fields, were once-enemies were paired with

their opposites, were two young men.

"Percy, heads up!" cried the blonde one, he tossed his gladius to the raven haired boy.

Said raven hair boy looked up from the people who surrounded him. He gave a grin as he caught the golden gladius. With one fluid motion, he spun around, a trail of water following him like a whip. The people shouted in surprise and fell back.

'Percy' looked up at the blonde. His smile widened.

"Thanks man," He gasped, trying to catch his breath. "But, don't you think you were cutting it a little close."

The blonde grinned. "Had 'em right where I wanted them."

"Jason, watch out!" Someone shouted from behind him.

'Jason' spun around shocked expression met on his face as well as an invisible fist. He fell back, falling onto the dirt. A dirty blonde girl with an orange t-shirt slowly appeared before him. A New York Yankee's cap clutched in her right hand, a small bronze knife in her left. With a quick flick of the wrist and an elegant twirl, she switched the things to opposite hands and pressed the knife up against Jason's neck.

"Hand the flag over like a good little Roman." She laughed, a pleasant grin on her face but a mockery in her voice.

"Ah, Annabethâ€"ever to live up to your mother's name." Jason responded, flinching at the cold Celestial Bronze weapon at his throat.

"Well, I had a little help." She chuckled with a shrug.

Another girl stepped up from behind the trees, her long dark brown hair pulled back in pigtails; the bangs swept gently across her forehead. She sported a purple t-shirt, skinny jeans, and knee-high black boots. Her light copper skin glowed underneath the sun.

She gave a winning smile. "Hey babe."

"Piper." Jason grinned back.

"Oh hey, you guys forgot about me!" Percy shouted.

The two girls turned around in time to be met with a huge wave of water to their faces. The fell back with a yelp as the fresh water went into their mouths and eyes. Jason laughed, and summoning a wind, forced himself up and forward to Percy. He stood up next to him, his gold chest plate and greaves glinting.

"Ha, ha!" The two boys laughed simultaneously.

"The flag is ours!" Jason called out.

Percy pulled out a red flag that had been hidden between his orange shirt and bronze armor plate.

"You pinned the wrong guy anyways, Annabeth." Percy shouted with a wink.

The blonde with the baseball cap cocked one of her eyebrows, but the bright red blush that bloomed across her cheeks like a rose could not be missed.

The two boys laughed and took off running.

The girls called out at them indignantly but were met with another wave from the river. It kept pulsing at them, and keeping them at bay.

"Percy!" The shrieked.

Percy Jackson didn't even turn around, he and Jason Grace just kept running.

"Bro, nice job with the waves." Jason panted as they kept going looking for the marker to hang the flag with.

"Thanks," Percy quipped. "Thought it would be cool to add my own flare."

"Well it worked." Jason barked out mirthfully.

They both stopped running to catch their breath. Shuffling around the forest, they scattered the many leaves around them.

"Well, do you remember where the marker was?" Percy asked.

Jason shrugged. "Somewhere near Zeus' Fist?"

"Oh gods, we've got a ways to go then." Percy grunted.

"Not exactly," Jason smirked. "We could always fly."

Percy wagged his eyebrow. "Well, Mr. Grace, what do you propose?"

Jason grabbed his friends arm roughly. "Hold on tight, Perseus."

"Don't call me that." Percy warned, but was cut off before he could say anything else because Jason and he were flung into the air.

He gave a scream of surprise.

"Scared of a little wind, bro?"

"Shut up Jason."

They flew for a few minutes, before seeing a huge rock structure that lived up to the characteristic of its 'fistliness'. Percy nodded and pointed to the stones.

"There, I can see the marker."

Jason nodded and angled them down for the descent.

But he stopped when concussive waves hit the air.

He looked up to see a bright golden, metallic dragon fly up towards them. With the simplest ease it pulled up next to them. Between its horns, sat a Hispanic young man who was as lanky as a spider monkey. Everything about him said renegade mafia.

"_Hola chicos,_" He grinned, his black curly hair blowing around in the wind. "Wouldn't happen to be going to the special 'Capture the Flag' marker now would we?"

He sported an orange t-shirt.

"Ah, Valdez. Sup." Percy greeted.

"Bro, you're so lame at changing the subject." Leo Valdez sniped, holding out his hand. "If you do, maybe Festus won't eat you."

The metal dragon whirred in agreement.

"Well Percy, seems we only have one choice." Jason said looking at Leo and the dragon.

"Right." Percy gulped, bracing himself.

"Wait, what?" Leo asked.

Jason and Percy both fell from the air like a pair of stones. Percy screamed as the air tore past him, Jason only let out a set of maniacal guffaws. Percy glared at his friend.

"Thrill issues dude!" He shrieked.

Jason only reached over and grabbed Percy's arm. "Hold on!"

With that he pulled his legs down and summoned another torrent of wind. It blasted both him and the son of Poseidon but he righted themselves. With that and another harsh blast, they landed with a thud on the rocky ground. Percy's knees buckled under him and he used Jason to pull himself up again.

"Okay, next time warn me before you plan to fall from the sky." Percy snapped.

"Alright, alright." Jason responded, raising his arms up in defense. "Geez, don't get antsy."

Percy waved him off and looked around for the pole for his flag.

"See it?"

"Nope."

"Helpful."

"We've got time."

"Because Leo's in the sky on the back of a fire breathing dragon. Right. Sureâ€"time."

"Shut up, Jackson." Jason snarked, looking around still.

"Ah man, there look!" Percy pointed up. There on the very top of Zeus' Fist was a tall pole that was held up by two long beams of wood.

They were about to get up there when suddenly, out of the woods that surrounded the structure about fifty teenagers and children in orange and purple t-shirts flooded out. They were all waving their gladii and other assorted weapons.

"Well doesn't that just beat all." Percy marveled.

Jason smirked and spun his weapon around. "Well, this should be fun."

Percy rolled his eyes and laughed nervously, "Yeah, fun."

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Frank looked up from his table and grinned at the dirty and training worn warriors reached him.

"Hey guys!" Hazel piped up from next to him.

Frank spared her a grin before looking at the others. "Percy, Annabeth, Leo, Jason, and Piper"so who won?"

Annabeth stretched out her arms leisurely before wrapping one over Percy's shoulders.

"No one."

Hazel looked up, her brown-grey eyes wide with shock. "What?"

"The guys and the rest of the camps decided to burn the flag." Piper laughed, gently punching Jason and Leo on the arms.

"What do you mean 'burn the flag'?"

"I mean, Jason got angry and burned the stupid flag." Percy growled, shooting Jason a look.

Said blonde crossed his arms and glowered back at the sea demi-god. "Look Percy, you've got a problem with" " "

"Jason, the point is we could've won and you made us lose because you couldn't keep your powers in check."

"I got war-heat."

"I doesn't matter. Not only did you burn our flag though, you injured several of the others!"

"That's because you Greeks are so weak!"

"Or maybe you Romans are too blood thirsty to notice where you shove your swords up" " "

"Whoa guys, whoa!" Annabeth interrupted, she shoved her hands between the two who were very close to strangling each other's necks. "We all understand, so can we just sit down like civilized people and eat?"

Frank and Hazel grinned.

"But first you have to apologize to each other." Leo smirked, batting his eyelashes.

Both Percy and Jason glared at him.

Piper crossed her arms and flicked her long dark brown hair off her shoulders. "Go on."

"â€|Sorry forâ€|whatever." Percy mumbled.

Annabeth nodded her approval with a smug grin.

Jason only titled his chin upwards.

Everyone waited, breath baited.

Nothing.

Piper smacked Jason's arm.

"Sorry." He muttered.

Frank broke in. "Alright guys, now that we've witness bromance, we can eat."

The others mumbled and griped but sat down with the couple. Leo smiled and stayed standing.

"Well, _mis amigos,_ I'll get the food." He walked away.

Annabeth laid her head against Percy's shoulder before flinching back, her nose scrunching. "Ugh, you smell, Seaweed Brain."

"Thank you." Percy quipped, tilting his head back.

They all sat quietly, most of them closing their eyes sleepily. It wasn't until the lanky Mexican returned that they all perked up.

"Food a-la-Leo has arrived." He chirped placing each person's favorite food in front of them.

Frank licked his lips along with Leo.

Percy began picking at his pepperoni pizza, Annabeth dug into hers. Jason just stared at his food. Both Hazel and Piper ate theirs quietly.

Hazel was about to start a conversation when the camp's warning bells rung.

Percy and Jason rolled their eyes and groaned.

"Well let's get to the borders and find out what it is." Annabeth sighed leaving her plate where it was and running from the eating house.

The others followed her out. Their feet pounded the ground as they rushed past panicked campers. Getting past the mob and an old graying centaur, they ran into the forest. Branches and trees were there to greet and swat at them. As they ran, they were met with the concussing sounds of a roar. It wasn't a good sign.

"Come on!" Percy shouted, pulling Riptide from his pocket.

Piper drew her knife, Annabeth readied her baseball cap, Frank turned into a bear, Hazel braced herself and Leo tightened his tool pouch.

"Fan out, make a line so that way we can cover more ground!" Jason barked, pulling out his gold cesterea and flipping it so it turned into his gladius.

The others did as they were told.

When they got there, to the borders of the Camp, they were shocked and terrified at what they saw. A small boy, with a missing leg was scrambling around trying not to get eaten by a gorgon. This same boy was crying out and screaming while trying to stand without his leg.

"_Hjalp!_" _He screamed. "_Vinsamlegast hjalp!_"_

The sight made Piper sick.

"Right," Percy grunted, "let's go save him."

Today just keeps getting better and better.

* * *

><p>Please read and review.

6. Chapter 6: Big Trouble

Disclaimer: All rights remain with DreamWorks, Marvel/ Disney, Stan Lee, and Cressida Cowell, and Rick Riordan

A/N: Sorry for taking so long! School's been a real pain, but now it's summer and I can update all my stories frequently now:) Thank you for being so patient!

* * *

><p>There Be Demi-gods

By: iamCAMBRIA

_Introduction: __Norse deities have been known to be more protective of their children than other mythological gods. Especially if their children are in constant need._

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<p>Chapter 6: Big Trouble

Hiccup's eyes opened blearily, his eyes meeting a great green splotch. Lifting his head, he realized that he was sprawled out on a grassy green ground. Coughing, he pushed himself up, body resting forwards on his forearms.

"Have a good nap?"

Hiccup turned his head to the side to realize that Odin was standing there, smiling smugly at him in all his armor.

"You!" Hiccup hissed, flinching as pain shot up his leg.

He looked down to see that his prosthetic was missing, but the stub of his leg torn, the wound reopened and bleeding. The sight made him want to throw up. Odin only laughed.

"Yes little demi-god, your faulty leg came off in the squabble that you and I had." Odin chuckled.

"What do you want from me?" Hiccup demanded, his voice cracking. "What'd I ever do to you? Other than my parentage, what'd I ever do?"

"Oh nothing, I fear that was Odin's hate speaking in my stead." The great person grinned. "It is my pleasure to tell you that I am not, indeed, Odin."

Hiccup blanched. His stomach burned and his eyes watered. If this was not Odin then whoâ€

"Oh, you misunderstand me," The fake Odin chuckled. "This is Odin's body, but I possess it. Quite a weakling, the 'Allfather' of the Norse gods."

"Whoâ€|who are you?" Hiccup whispered.

The man guffawed. All too pleased that Hiccup was now indeed frightened. He sneered at him.

"You do not know my name, boy."

"Well now I want to know now."

Odin smirked. "Do you really think I'm going to tell you?"

"Yes." Hiccup smirked, formulating a plan of his own. "Because, then I can really fear you. Wouldn't you love to get the credit that you need? Because Odin is the one I'm really afraid of, not whoever you are."

"Very well, Hiccup Lokisson. I am Uranus."

Hiccup smirked, and laughter bubbled up in his throat. Uranus. And people thought that Norse names were ridiculous. There were so many puns that could be applied to Uranus' name.

"Do you dare mock my name, boy?"

"Only 'cause it sounds like something else." Hiccup laughed.

Uranus leaned forwards and smacked Hiccup across the face. The Viking boy shrieked and grabbed his stinging cheek. Uranus snarled at him.

"Do not pick fights you cannot win."

"Those are the best kind." Hiccup retorted, glaring at the other. "So if you're not a Norse god, then what are you?"

"You will have to find out on your own time, boy." Uranus growled.

"I'm not hanging out with you." The boy snapped, hauling himself.

Uranus lashed out, forcing the boy upon the ground. "You have no idea, how much trouble you will be in for the things you called me earlier."

"Things I said earlier?" Hiccup laughed weakly. "Can't we let the past be in the past?"

The god laughed. "If only things could be that simple."

"They are." Hiccup muttered.

Uranus looked down and frowned. "For now, I am to leave you. There are things I must do for my preparation to take my original form."

Hiccup licked his lips. "And how will I help?"

Uranus smiled. "You will be the distraction for my enemy."

Before Hiccup could question the being, Odin lifted his arm and suddenly the world became dark for Hiccup. It was as if the night sky had fallen and was now blanketing him. He couldn't breathe, couldn't see, and couldn't feel. He opened his mouth to cry out but he was met with the nothingness of no air.

"Remember Hiccup Lokisson, your cooperation is all I needâ€"if you do so, you will not die."

And suddenly the dark was gone and the sun returned and Uranus was gone. But, Hiccup did not have a chance to relish the freedom. There, in front of him, was a huge monster. He gulped.

"Well, you seem friendly." Hiccup started sarcastically, eyes widening when he saw that the creature, held a weapon in its hand.

The monster roared and charged towards him. Hiccup immediately rolled over, trying to scramble to run. But he fell; his blasted prosthetic was missing.

"Oh for the love of Thor!" Hiccup yelled in frustration. He was

alternating between running on all fours and hobbling from foot to stump. "The gods just love to flip me off."

The creature simply caught up to him. Hiccup screamed.

"Somebody please help me!"

The monster raised its huge hoof like hand and back handed him. Hiccup yelped in pain as it collided with his body. He was flung across the air like a ragdoll, his back hitting a tree. Red splattered his vision and stars danced before his eyes. Why couldn't he have been born a warrior?

"Please?" He whispered.

And then suddenly there were yells. Seven people dashed from out of the trees—"well, six people and one bear"—and attacked the monster. They were well together, like a well-oiled machine fighting as if they all shared minds. They were dressed strangely though, and for a second, Hiccup couldn't help but wonder if they were Valkyries. But of course, that couldn't be right, because there were male warriors to.

It wasn't long before the creature turned to dust—which was quite a surprise to the Viking. The people who had saved him, seemed out of breath. He gave them a moment to catch it before trying to limp up to them. Hiccup found himself, face-flat on the floor. But then a pair of strong hands hauled him up. Hiccup came face to face with a sea-green eyed, raven haired boy.

The boy said something that Hiccup didn't quite understand.

"I'm sorry," Hiccup rasped, "But, I didn't catch that. Repeat what you said, please."

The young man's brows furrowed in confusion and he spoke again. A thought dawned upon Hiccup—"something that he hadn't thought of before.

"You don't understand Norse."

Promptly after that, he felt his shaky grasp on comprehension of the world slip away as the day's events caught up to him. Hiccup blacked out. The concerned shouts of the strange people following him.

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"_ŹŹ° skilur ekki __Norrnnar." _The boy whispered before his eyes rolled back.

Percy lunged out and caught the boy before he hit his head on the ground. Annabeth looked at Percy with concern. Jason and the other Romans seemed concerned, Frank and Hazel didn't know what to make of the situation. Leo cooed.

"Look, the kid tired himself out."

"This isn't funny, Leo." Annabeth snapped.

Leo frowned, "I didn't say it was."

"Let's get him to the medic bay." Percy frowned. He did not like how the boy's leg was still bleeding. He wasn't sure if the monster had severed the limb or what, but it made him sick. The boy really wasn't more than a child; that was for sure.

They nodded and followed the son of Poseidon. As they reached the camp though, they stopped at the tree with the Golden Fleece. Percy turned to Annabeth, worry etched on his face.

"How do we let him in? We don't know his name."

Annabeth sighed. "I will try to introduce him as a friend."

After a little bit, they were able to allow the small boy to pass through the field that protected their camp. With that obstacle behind, they rushed through the forest, running through the gates of the now semi-calmed camp.

"Percy!" Chiron galloped up to them. "Whatever is going on?"

"Chiron, he's hurtâ€"bad." Percy said, shifting the boy for the old centaur to see.

Chiron frowned. No half-blood had ever had limbs decapitated on their way to the camp. Either they had made it, or not. This boy was either very, very lucky to be alive, or very, very misfortunate to have had his leg snatched away.

Chiron scooped the boy up in his arms.

The boy flinched.

"Lokiâ€"pabbiâ€"" He moaned.

Without hesitating, Chiron trotted away at a fast pace, maneuvering in and out of the campers. Percy and his friends followed the centaur to the medic house. The boy got attention immediately. It was to everyone's relief (and sorrow) to find out that the boy's missing leg was an old wound, and that he blacked out because he was over stressed. That he would waken soon.

To his own surprise as well as everyone else's, Percy volunteered to stay with the child until he woke up.

"He's my responsibility." Percy said. "I saved him, so I should at least wait for him to wake up."

Everyone left slowly, trickling away in pairs until it was just him, the boy, and Annabeth.

"You should go get some sleep." Percy whispered, looking out the window to see the sun setting.

"Don't be an idiot." Annabeth snorted. "I'm not going to leave alone."

"I'll see you at breakfast tomorrow." Percy pointed out.

"No, you'll be here with him." She bit back.

Percy shrugged and nodded. "I guess you're right. I wouldn't leave him unless he was awake."

"Why are you so attached to him?" Annabeth asked.

The son of Poseidon shrugged. "I dunno. Just a feeling I guess. He feels out of place here. I mean, look at his clothes. You don't see normal people walking around in furs."

"Plenty of people do." Annabeth replied coolly.

"But, they just seem too primitive."

"Maybe he's poor."

"How many poor people can afford furs?"

Annabeth pursed her lips.

"And then there's the fact that we have no idea what he was saying to us."

"That would be because it's a different language." She said.

"Did you recognize it?" Percy asked curiously.

She nodded. "It sounded German, but not quite. Perhaps a dialect."

The young man hummed.

Annabeth sighed, a bit deflated. "If I go to bed, promise me you'll come to breakfast tomorrow?"

Percy nodded, returning his attention to the boy.

She nodded and pressed a light kiss to the crown of his head before walking away.

Percy sighed.

"_Ä%g hÄ@lt aÄ° hÄ°n myndi aldrei fara._"

Percy jumped at the sound of the higher pitched voice. Turning back to the boy, he saw that he was trying to sit up. His green eyes blinked tiredly but his mouth was quirked up in a smile.

"How long have you been awake?"

"_Äžar sem hÄ°n _fÄ@kk hÄ@r._" _The boy giggled.

Percy exhaled. "That's right, I can't understand anything you say."

"_En Ä@g _get _konar _skilja Ä¼ig._" The boy laughed.

"I really wish I could even guess what you're saying but I can't." Percy frowned.

_"_Ã%g _get _varla _skiliÃ° Ã¼ig_. _Gott _Ã©g er _fljÃ³tur
meÃ° _aÃ° lÃ|ra tungumÃ;l_._" _

"Okay, new rule." Percy laughed. "We try to find someone who can understand you. Meanwhile let's start with a subject I think we can both understand."

The boy cocked his head to the side, confused.

"I'm Percy." He introduced.

The boy squinted, as if trying to understand the words.

"Percy." He tried again, pointing to himself.

The boy nodded, eyes lighting up with understanding. "PÃ|r-sÃ|?
PÃ|rsÃ|."

Percy laughed. "That's close enough for now. What about you?"

The boy smiled. "_Hiksti eg heiti_."

"Um." Percy said.

The grinned a bit sheepishly and pointed to himself.
"_Hiksti_."

Percy smiled, understanding. "Hiksti?"

The boy nodded eagerly and excitedly.

"Well, Hiksti, it's nice to meet you." Percy said, sticking his hand out.

'Hiksti' looked at it with confusion before grabbing Percy's hand with his own. They shook hands as if they had been friends for a long time.

_"_Ã%g er mjÃ¶g Ã;nÃ|gÃ° meÃ° aÃ° hafa hitt Ã¼ig, PÃ|rsÃ|._"_

* * *

><p>AN:**

Ã%g hÃ©lt aÃ° hÃ°n myndi aldrei fara: I thought she would never go.

_Ãžar sem hÃ°n _fÃ©kk hÃ©r_: Since she got here.

_En Ã©g _get _konar _skilja Ã¼ig_: But I can kinda understand you.

**_Ã%g _get _varla _skiliÃ° Ã¼ig_. _Gott _Ã©g er _fljÃ³tur
meÃ° _aÃ° lÃ|ra tungumÃ;l: I can barely understand you. Good thing
I'm quick at learning languages._**

Hiksti eg heiti: My name's Hiccup._

Hiksti: Hiccup

Ã%g er mjÃ¶g Ã¡nÃ¡gÃ° meÃ° aÃ° hafa hitt Ã¼ig: I'm very glad to have met you._

7. Chapter 7: Building a Bridge

a/n: So this story just keeps getting harder and harder to write. Ugh. I need some action soon. I think y'all may want some too.

* * *

><p>There Be Demi-gods

By: iamCAMBRIA

_Introduction: __Norse deities have been known to be more protective of their children than other mythological gods. Especially if their children are in constant need._

* * *

><p>Chapter 7: Building a Bridge

_"Hva__Ã° er Ã¼etta__?" _

Percy sighed and veered Hiksti away from the extremely breakable flat screen TV.

_"__Og Ã¼etta__?" _The boy asked again, picking up an unfortunate iPod that happened to be resting on a table.

"That is an iPod." Percy sighed. "iPod."

Hiksti blinked before looking at the machine. "Ã†pod?"

"No, iPod."

"Ã†pod?" the boy tried again.

The demigod sighed. "That's close enough."

_"__FyrirgefÃ°u__." _

Percy cocked his eye brow. "Was that an apology?"

Hiksti nodded, and limped away. He teetered perilously as he used bits of furniture to help him walk. Percy only followed the boyâ€”who'd refused any help walking. The brown haired boy stopped in front of an umbrella stand. He pulled out the umbrella and opened it. He played with it a little while looking at the flapping material.

_"__Hvernig segir maÃ°ur a ensku__?" _

"English? Um, an umbrella."

"Umbroola. Umbrulla. Umbrellaâ€”umbrella?" Hiksti asked, testing the sounds on his tongue.

"Yup." Percy said with a nod. Hiksti was learning words fast.

"Percy!"

The demi-god and Viking spun around to see Jason, Piper, Frank, Hazel, Leo and Annabeth all approaching. Each wore a face of wonder, and concern.

"Shouldn't he be in the medic bay, Percy? He's missing a foot." Hazel said with a gulp.

Hiksti rolled his eyes. "_Eg er vÃ¶n Ã¼vi.__"_

Hazel looked at Percy with confusion. "What did he say?"

Percy shrugged. "I have no idea."

"_Og eg a aÃ° vera rugla einn.__"_ The brown haired boy snarked with a roll of the eyes.

"So, how we supposed to know if he's not sayin' anything offensive?" Leo quipped as he stuck his hands in his pocket.

"His tone's pretty sarcastic most of the time, but I don't think he means anything offensive." Percy said pondering the idea.

Hiccup cocked his head to the side, looking curiously at Jason. "_Hann berst meÃ° spjÃ³ti Rom.__"_

"I think he's talking about you." Frank said, looking pointedly at the blonde roman.

"Uh, what are you trying to tell me?"

"Hiksti." Percy supplied.

"What are you trying to tell me, Hiksti?" Jason asked hesitantly.

The auburn haired boy reached out his hand. "_SpjÃ³t.__"_

Annabeth choked out a laugh. "I think he just called you a name!"

Piper looked mildly offended for the insult towards her boyfriend. "That was extremely rude."

"What did you call me?" Jason demanded in a low growl.

Hiksti rolled his eyes. "_Eru gÃ;jfur Ã¼inar aÃ° heimskur__?__ Eg var ekki aÃ° kalla Ã¼ig neitt, eg vil sjÃ;j vopniÃ° Ã¼itt.__"_

"Okay, he said a lot that time." Hazel pointed out.

Leo chuckled. "I think you ticked off our little _amigo _here."

"I think he insulted Jason again!" Annabeth snorted, pressing her hands to her mouth to try and stop herself from laughing so

hard.

"No, he wouldn't be insulting like that." Percy tried to amend. "We have a sort of understanding. I think he's trying to tell us something."

"Genius, Seaweed Brain!" Annabeth snarked, giving Percy an amused look.

Hiksti crossed his arms. "_Mei hastam da."_

Jason, Frank and Hazel all looked up in surprise.

"No way." Frank muttered, running a large hand through his hair.

"What?" Leo piped up. "Did you understand what he said?"

"He speaks Latin." Jason coughed.

Percy looked at Hiccup incredulously. "How'd you know he spoke Latin?"

Hiksti pursed his lips and gave them a pensive look.
"_Hasta_"

"Hasta? As in _hasta luego?_" Leo laughed.

Hazel shook her head. "_Hasta_ is the Latin word for a spear."

Jason fished around in his jean pocket before pulling out the _denarius_. He flipped it into the air and grabbed it as it turned into a spear. He showed it the Hiksti. The boy eyed it with wide eyes and awe.

"_This is how you knew the speak Latin?_" Jason asked in the same language.

Hiksti smirked. "_So you can actually speak it."_

_ "Of course I am, I am Roman after all." _Jason snorted.

_ "Me and Frank too." Hazel piped in.

Frank grumbled something.

"I'm totally feeling left out right now." Leo muttered to Percy, Annabeth, and Piper as the three campers from Camp Jupiter spoke to their guest.

"_Where are you from? How old are you? How did you know to come here?_" _Jason demanded.

Hiksti frowned. "_Whoa, whoa, be calm. I can only speak so much Latin. I had to learn it for my tradeâ€"but outside of my trade speech, I do not know much."_

"_Yourâ€¦trade?_" Frank asked hesitantly.

"_I am a blacksmith."_ The auburn haired boy admitted. "_Beyond

simple conversation and metal workâ€¦I fear I am not as diverse as I should be. I may have been teaching myself the language of Rome from traders that I've run into over the years."_

_ "You're dialect is very old, and your accent authentic." _Hazel observed.

Hiksti sighed. _"This is the complicated part. I am not of this time."_

Frank looked at Hiksti curiously. _"Come again."_

_ "I am not from here. I was taken from my time and brought to what I believe is the future." _The boy spared them side glances. _"It's not very hard to tell that wherever I am, it is much more advanced to what I'm used to."_

"Guys, as entertaining as it is to hear you all have your little pow-wow," Piper interrupted, "none of us understand anything you guys are saying. Care to explain?"

"He's not from this time." Jason murmured in disbelief.

"Is that really so hard to believe?" Hazel asked harshly crossing her arms. "I mean there is the Lotus Hotel and Casino. He could've been from there."

"But he's not in any state of confusion." Annabeth pointed out.

_ "I am very much confused." _Hiksti admitted. _"Such as, why in the name of __**Helheim**__ was a god named Uranus taking me hostage?"_

"What's a Helheim?"

"It think he means the Underworld."

"He said Uranus."

"Hehehehe."

"Shut up, Valdez."

"You have to admit Uranus is a bit funny."

"Guys." Percy said interrupting. "Did any of you pay attention to your Greek mythology classes?"

Annabeth's face lit up with understanding. "Oh godsâ€¦!"

"Uranus is the god of the Sky."

"Caelus." Jason said his voice low.

"Sure, that's probably the Roman incarnation." Percy nodded.

"But whatâ€¦|why would a god kidnap a child?" Hazel asked quietly.

Both Jason and Percy seethed.

"Uranus isn't just the god of the Sky." Annabeth continued. "He is the sky—he's Father Sky, as referred to. And there is something worse."

"Worse?" Frank and Leo echoed worriedly.

"Uranus is the husband of Gaia." Percy growled.

The others froze. "The husband of Gaia? Is that possible?"

"It is said that they built the world and universe and a good many other things together." Annabeth informed, her arms crossing over her chest.

"That doesn't sound good." Piper concluded. "The last time we were up against Gaia, she was trying to bring back Kronos!"

They all looked at each other and then at Hiksti. They looked at the boy's primitive clothing and his hand made prosthetic. They stared at his posture and they thought about his accent in Latin and his native language.

"Hiksti?" Jason began.

"Yes?" The boy returned eager for some news.

"What language were you speaking?"

"Norse."

Jason looked to the others with wide eyes, before returning to the smaller child.

"Hiksti, think clearly for me—what year are you from? Do you know?"

The boy placed a hand on his chin. "I think—I think it was eight hundred and thirteen, anno domino."

Jason gasped before sharply sucking in his breath.

"What? What is it? Where is he from?" Frank asked impatiently.

"Jason, what did he say?" Percy enquired, stepping forward.

"I think I know what he is." Jason said, his blue eyes wide. "I think he's a Viking—he says he is from 813 A.D."

* * *

><p>AN: Icelandic: Hvað er Áætta: What is this?>>

Og Áætta: And this?

**Fyrirgefðu: I am sorry.

**Hvernig segir maður a ensku: How is this said in English?

****_Eg er vÃ¶n Ã¼vi_: I am used to it.****

****_Og eg a aÃ° vera rugla einn_: And I'm supposed to be the confused one.****

****_Hann berst meÃ° spjÃ³ti Rom_: He fights with a spear of Rome.****

****_Eru gÃ¡fur Ã¼inar aÃ° heimskur__?__ Eg var ekki aÃ° kalla Ã¼ig neitt, eg vil sjÃ¡ vopniÃ° Ã¼itt_: Are your brains stupid? I was not calling you anything, I want to see your weapon.****

****Latin: _Mei hastam da_: Give me the spear.****

****I do take Latin so I actually know that Latin pieces. My Icelandic readers, please correct whatever you see fit! And yes, Hiccup would know Latin because as a tradesman, he would have had to learn the language to conduct business. Ignoring the common misconception that Vikings are big stupid brutes, the Norsemen knew a good number of languages; Latin was the main one because even after the fall of Rome, it was still the universal language.****

8. Chapter 8: I'll do What it Takes

****_A/N: All rights remain with Rick Riordan and Stan Lee and Cressida Cowell and DreamWorks and Marvel...I think I covered it._****

****_Alright guys. I'm so terribly, terribly sorry about the lack of updates. This story is probably the hardest story for me to write because of all the different fandom involvements, but just know that this story is far too fun for me to abandon. So just because I don't update doesn't mean that I've forgotten this story. Quite the contrary, I am just trying to figure out plots. So if I run into plot holes, don't blame me. When I first wrote this story, I never actually fully plotted it, so now that is what is happening. I hope y'all can forgive me._****

****_Oh, and on concerns of that previous chapter-let's all just be creative and pretend Percy understood some of what was going on (^.^) An internet hug for anyone who gets the 'creative' reference._****

*** * ***

><p>There Be Demi-gods

By: iamCAMBRIA

****_Introduction: _**_Norse deities have been known to be more protective of their children than other mythological gods. Especially if their children are in constant need._**

*** * ***

><p>Chapter 8: I'll do What it Takes

The thunder still lingered in the air, frizzing and popping through

the atmosphere like lightning. Loki forced his eyes open and looked up, seeing that Thor was standing right in front of him. The burly god was using Mjolnir as a shield, a barrier of lightning created to form a cage, keeping out the miasma that Odin had left behind. Loki let out a shaking breath, so it had really happened then.

Hiccup had been taken.

The only signs left, besides Thor struggling out of pure exhaustion to keep his lightning barrier up, were the roaring dragons in the sea, and the slowly but assuredly crumbling island which they were standing on.

"Is it safe?" A voice murmured quietly.

Loki looked down, realizing that Astrid was still safely encircled in his arms. Letting go, he swiftly back away from the child. The girl didn't stand up, she only looked down at the ground. Her bangs shadowed her face, blocking her eyes from the view of the Aesir.

"Thor, allow me." Loki mumbled.

Numbly raising his hand, a green light gleamed about his fingertips, replacing the lightning barrier with a shimmering force field. It would indefinitely cleanse the evil aura, so they could leave in safety. Thor knelt to one knee, his chest heaving in fatigue.

"Could you not have done that from the start, brother?"

Loki's hand clenched, the green light disappearing. "And miss the opportunity to see you strain yourself in a way I have not seen since our childhood? Never."

"It seems that you have changed your attitude very little, Loki." Thor gasped, his left hand flying to his side.

Astrid stared at the two, her eyes hazy. "Soâ€|you two really are gods then?"

Loki looked at her with soft green eyes. "No, not godsâ€|Astrid."

"Butâ€|it's not possible." She murmured, her baby blue eyes closing a bit. "It's not possible you're hereâ€|"

The raven-haired man had only her trailing sentence as a warning before she slouched over. Quick as a wick, he lurched forward and caught her. Her skin was warm against his hands, and he knew that wasn't a side-effect from him being a Jotunn. She groaned softly, her blonde eyelashes fluttering, before she went limp in his arms. It took very little effort for the Trickster to pick up her motionless body.

"Do you have any strength left Thor, or are you currently a useless meatbag?"

The blonde male snorted. "I think your gratitude is in order, Loki. I did just save you and the girl."

"Yet you failed to save my son." Loki growled.

"I failed no more than you did."

The Aesir's facial features darkened and a shadow seemed to loom over his eyes. The pale hands clutched the young girl's frame tighter, as if she would disappear if he wasn't holding her for dear life—hers or his was debatable. He left out a shaky breath before glaring at his so-called brother.

"I _was not_ the one who brought a possessed father to this place."

Thor sounded like he was about to choke.

Loki did not wait for him to answer. Pursing his chapped lips together, he let out a high pitched whistle. With a flourish of sprinkling water droplets, and the sound of crashing waves, Stormfly flew up out of the water, abandoning her vigil with Toothless. The pale-blue Nadder hovered up to the edge of the isle where Loki precariously placed the unconscious shield maiden atop the dragon's back. Stormfly squawked her reassurances to the Trickster. Loki nodded his thanks before beginning to scale down the long leg of the island.

Toothless garbled something to him, from where the sloshing water was slowly tiring the dragon.

"Just hold on a bit longer Toothless, I'm coming." Loki appeased, watching his steps carefully as he jumped from hand hold to hand hold.

The Night Fury roared snappily.

"Yes, yes, I understand perfectly the full gravity of the situation, you over grown fire lizard. Now do shut up so I can concentrate." Loki gripped, his hand slipping on one of his holds.

The dragon burbled in a mouth full of seawater.

"Haha, take that you ingrate." The Aesire jeered, jumping down to the base of the island. "Now—how do I get to you without getting wet?"

In response to that, Toothless flared up his wings, spraying the raven-haired with the salty sea foam.

"You ingrate!" The Trickster shouted, spitting out the stinging water.

The black dragon was only able to enjoy his victory for but a short moment. After one leering hum, his head ducked under the water and it didn't bob back up. Bubbles surfaced and Loki found himself immediately diving into the water after the dragon.

The water was as frigid as it looked, and Loki could practically feel his skin turning blue. But it didn't matter now. When he found his son—because he _would_—Hiccup would kill him if he allowed the last Night Fury to die. Not to mention that he owed Toothless quite a bit for keeping Hiccup alive from the constant troublemaking he

caused.

_Like father, like son. _Valka used to croon.

The dragon which was quickly sinking let out a roar, releasing a mouthful of bubbles. The leather-clad Trickster reached out, his hand catching on the side of the leather saddle on the dragon's back. Working against the pressure of the water, Loki seated himself on the dragon's back, clicking the prosthetic fin into the correct position. It took his mind less than a second to figure out Hiccup's complicated contraption. Silly Hiccup, always making things complicated.

_I'll have to 'chew him out' for it when I return him to his home.
_He decided determinedly, allowing the dragon to take over.

The freezing water rushed past his clothes and hair, stinging his already chilled skin. It was starting to really affect his other form. Delicate little traces of ice began to swirl cautiously over his skin like paint to a canvas.

_Hurry, Toothless. _

The dragon seemed to sense the Asgardian's anxiety and forced his wings to flap harder from within the under water. With one last hurtling blast, Toothless wings broke the water, and he and Loki swooshed out of the icy barrier. The air hit their lungs like a brick wall, and effect of immediately, the raven-head's skin began to mellow out to its prior pale-tan color.

Loki parted his lips and took in the air. He grimaced. This was the feeling that Hiccup always got from his flights. The boy always came home raving about how the air smelled and felt. The way it seemed to slide down the throat like fresh glacier water. The boy had not been lacking in his description. For a moment, the Aesir almost envied his son.

"Loki!"

Toothless flew back up to the isle where Thor was waiting haggardly.

"Thor." Loki greeted evenly.

Thor tilted his head curiously. "What of the flaxen haired shield maiden? She still sleeps."

The raven-haired one sighed, his form shimmering until it returned to the burly frame of Stoick the Vast. "Remember where you had found me? That big house? Go there, and I will meet you there. I will return Astrid to her house, and you and I will find my son."

He turned to the azure Deadly Nadder. "Stormfly, follow Toothless and I, we will escort you and your rider to your home."

With that, he switched Toothless' tailfin and the dragon sailed forward with a great burst of speed. Stormfly followed with the simplest of ease. Astrid had trained her well for keeping up with the midnight colored dragon. Thor looked like a kicked puppy, left behind by its owner, before thrusting Mjlonir up and following.

The ride there felt like ages. And it gave a worried father's mind far too much time to mull over the fate of his son. What on earth did Odin want with Hiccup in the first place? True, the Allfather did not like Loki as a Jotunn, but he had always loved him as the Aesir self. Never had they quarreled as long as the Trickster was disguised as an Asgardian. So why now did the Allfather wish to pick a fight with Loki and his heritage, taking his rage out on an innocent child who had known nothing of his parentage's history.

The only explanation was possession. Odin's anger at Loki's running away almost thirty five years ago must've invited whatever forlorn spirit had wanted power. But it would've had to have been an already-powerful ghoulish to have easily taken Odin's mind and body.

Or perhaps not all of his mind, but left some of it—the hating part. Loki thought, gripping the handle bars tighter._ Damn that Odin for holding a grudge. Could he not live with the fact that I was living a relatively happy life?_

Berk neared in sight, and he tapped Toothless' side. "Make sure to land near Astrid's house. I want her parents to know that she is safe."

The dragon flicked his ears and snorted, as if to say _she's unconscious and you call that fine?_

"Just remain quiet and fly."

Toothless landed with a thud not long after.

Loki jumped off and gestured toward their house on a hill. "Go home and meet my oaf of a brother. I'll be there shortly."

Toothless grumbled but limped off towards the said hill. Loki made a mental note to check up on the dragon's legs before leaving to wherever they were going. It would be awful if Toothless couldn't walk. Being that there was no way in Helheim that the dragon would allow Loki to ride it the whole time.

With a click of his tongue, he beckoned Stormfly to follow him. The dragon did so with extreme obedience. He supposed it had to do with his status as both Aesir and Hiccup's father. Ever since the end of the war, the dragons have had a certain amount of great respect for him.

"W-w-what?" A voice murmured. "Where am I?"

Loki sighed. "Astrid, yer awake lass."

She gazed up at him. "I—Stoick?"

"Yes?"

"No—you're—you're supposed to be Loki." She mumbled.

He sighed, this would not be easy. "No, I'm not Loki, lass. Ye took a nasty knock ta the head."

"Noâ€|Hiccupâ€|I got pushed out of the way." Astrid grumbled trying to move from Stormfly.

"Not so fast."

"I'll do what I want."

"Astridâ€""

"I know I'm not crazy. I remember all of it. Hiccup, Odin, you. So you might as well drop the act."

Loki tilted his head up. "And if I were Loki?"

"Then you'd better take me wherever the Hel you're going to find Hiccup."

That made him chuckle.

"What?"

"Now I know why Hiccup likes you so much."

She crossed her arms and jumped down from the dragon. "I won't get in the way, you know that. My parents won't care 'cause they know every time Hiccup goes missing, so do I. So, what's it going to be, Loki?"

Loki grinned. "I think you're far smarter than you let on, come quickly then."

With that, the Aesir disguised as Stoick turned on heel and marched quickly from their current direction. Astrid followed quickly after saying something to Stormfly. The dragon stalked the other direction towards her house. The Trickster was positive it was going to reassure Astrid's parents that she would be with Hiccup.

They must trust my son greatly to allow their daughter to go with Hiccup all the time.

Of course the shield maiden's parents were Vikings. So that helped in the mindset. War loving brutes the lot of them were. It was like a village full of Thors. It took them no time at all at their current fast pace. Loki almost broke the door down, reverting to his previous form. Astrid sucked in her breath, but basically he ignored her.

Thor was sitting in a chair dozing off, and nearly tumbled from his nap when Loki made his rude entrance.

"Get up you big oaf, we are going to find my son!"

Thor looked groggily at Astrid. "Why is the shield maiden here?"

"Because I'll do whatever it takes to get Hiccup back." She snapped.

Loki grinned. "As will I."

Toothless smiled an affirmative burble.

Thor scratched his head, clueless. "Soâ€|how do we find your son?"

"By using a tracking spell. Which I already have." The Trickster snorted.

"So you've found Hiccup?" Astrid asked hopefully.

Loki's smile faltered. "Not exactly."

Raising his hands, green light once more erupted from their tips. Without any warning, the background and room around them lurched incredibly. The room span, and span. The occupantsâ€|save Lokiâ€|were all jostled into each other, falling into one big pile of Asgardian, Night Fury, and Viking mess. Slowly the image began to melt away like a water washed painting and was replaced with a rather new scene.

Slowly tall metal images began to replace the warm, cozy common area. Loud noises unlike dragons bombarded the air, and the all too familiar smell of smoke clog their nostrils. Thor coughed at the sudden change and Astrid wanted to panic at the unfamiliar sight of wherever they were.

Loki gave a maniacal grin. "You said you'd do whatever it took. So, I took us to the future."

"Soâ€|Hiccup isâ€|in the future?" She swallowed.

"Yes."

"And do you know where my nephew is, brother? Such as the exact village he's been taken to?" Thor asked warily, looking at the people who eyed him with bewildered looks.

Loki's smug smirk fell a bit, but the same crazy look remained in his eyes. "Wellâ€|not per se."

"Fantastic." Astrid muttered.

Toothless gave an annoyed burble.

* * *

><p>AN: Hope the extra length of this chapter made up for the lack of updates. Thanks so much for being patient with me guys! See y'all the next update, love ya! Toodles! **_

**please R&R!**

9. Chapter 9: Toddlers

**Disclaimer: All rights belong to Cressida Cowell, DreamWorks, Rick Riordan, Stan Lee, and Marvel.**

**A/N: Hi everyone! Sorry it takes me so long to update, but not only am I a junior in school, this story is so complex! Just be patient

with me okay:) Thank you all for sticking with this story!**

* * *

><p>There Be Demi-gods

By: iamCAMBRIA

_Introduction: __Norse deities have been known to be more protective of their children than other mythological gods. Especially if their children are in constant need._

* * *

><p>Chapter 9: Toddlers

In all honesty, it was like watching a toddler. True, he was probably the smartest person in the roomâ€"that was including Chiron, Annabeth, and Leoâ€"but he touched everything. Currently, Jason and Piper were trying to steer clear Hiksti of Chiron's confiscated bowl of lighters. The Viking boy had nearly lit up his fur vest, trying to figure out the dial to the flame ignition. As it was he'd almost crashed a flat screen TV with an umbrella; they didn't need Camp Half-Blood blazing like the Fourth of July.

"And he can communicate with the Latin speakers?" Chiron asked Percy, watching Hiksti wearily from the corner of his eye.

"I could understand him a bit," Percy answered reluctantly. "But Jason, Frank and Hazel understood everything he was saying."

"So, then he's really a Viking?"

"As far as we know."

"This is troubling indeed." Chiron murmured, a thoughtful had to his chin. "If the gods are disturbing timeâ€"it might truly be the end of the world."

Hiksti looked up, his eyes flashing completely green for a moment. "Ragnar k." The flash was gone and he returned his attention to the calculator he'd been button-pushing.

Percy and Chiron exchanged worried glances with everyone else.

"So you guys saw that too?" Leo gulped.

"As clear as day." Jason rumbled.

Frank scratched his head. "Any idea what that was?"

"Ragnarokâ€" Annabeth murmured.

"Sound familiar to you?" The son of Poseidon asked, turning to his girlfriend.

She nodded faintly. "Vaguelyâ€"something we studied in mythology."

"Not Greek. That word has no meaning in Greek whatsoever." Chiron

input.

"But I remember it." Hazel said, looking to Jason.

The blonde nodded. "Yes, I do as well. Something from our history and mythology lessons."

The Greeks looked at the Romans interestedly.

"During the 400s," Zeus' son began, "the Romans began trading with the barbarians outside of their territories. These were the Germanic Tribes which over time became the Huns, the Visigoths, the Ostragoths, the Franks"

Leo snickered and Frank rolled his eyes. Hazel stared at the two. Frank had the humility to look slightly sheepish for giving in to Leo's teasing, and Leo himself pursed his lips together with a squeak. Sometimes Hazel could get scary.

Jason continued. "As I was saying, these tribes eventually became the Huns, Visigoths, Ostragoths, Franks, Vandals, and the Vikings. Through their common roots though, in the beginning they shared a common religion."

"This is where our mythology classes came in." Hazel picked up where Jason left off. "In their trades, the Germanic Tribes would often share stories about their gods. One of these stories were about the end of the world—or Ragnarok. It began with the Trickster god Loki, he began to slowly pick off the gods one by one, either killing them himself or pitting them against each other. They would travel through the Nine Realms fighting one another, and also altering time to try and gain one step ahead of each other. By the time that all the gods were dead or almost dead, Loki sought to destroy the tree of the realms known—as Yggeldrubsle or something"

"_Yggdrasil." _Hiksti looked up from the calculator, his face pinched uncomfortably.

"Yggdrasil?" Hazel asked the Viking boy.

He nodded before switching to Latin. "_Do you know of what you speak?"_

"_The story of Ragnarok_." Hazel nodded affirmatively.

Hiksti only turned his head away from them.

The black girl scrunched her brow suspiciously before continuing. "He sought to destroy the tree. Once it began to crack, the Nine Realms—or worlds—began to collide with each other melding realities. And soon enough, everything exploded into one giant mess. Loki reveled in chaos while things died. A warrior—Thor, the god of Thunder I think—survived Loki's havoc and set out to kill the Mischief god. Through the fierce battle, the two gods killed each other. Without Loki's magic to keep its state of mass anarchy, the mixed Nine Realms explode and destroy themselves—thus the end of the world."

Leo whistled. "That is just as messed up as Gaea trying to resurrect herself."

"I hadn't ever thought that this Norse mythology stuff is real, but then I suppose why not?" Piper finally spoke up, looking to the others. "Perhaps the Norse gods are another form of Greek and Roman god counterparts?"

"That would make sense, but wouldn't we have seen hints of their Norse sides during the Gaea incident?" Annabeth asked.

Piper looked at her and then nodded reluctantly. "True..."

Percy looked over to Hiksti and noticed that the Viking boy was staring forlornly at his hands.

"Hey, Hiksti," he called. "You okay?"

The boy looked up, his green eyes tired. _"Yes, I am well."_

Chiron and Percy exchanged looked again.

"Jason, why don't you show our guest to the Hermes cabin? We will have him stay there temporarily until we can figure out what to do with him." The old centaur suggested.

Annabeth choked. "Um, Chiron, the Hermes cabin? Are you sure that's smart?"

"Whyâ€"ohâ€"|" Said horse-man drawled, looking at the boy in question. He shivered at the thought of what little Hiksti and the Hermes boys could get up to.

"He can stay at my cabin." The son of Poseidon piped up. "I've been taking care of him since we found him. He might be more comfortable with it."

"Or he could stay with me since I'm fluent in Latin." Jason challenged politely.

Both Piper and Annabeth rolled their eyes.

"You don't even live here." Percy snorted.

"Yeah, well, he could come back to Camp Jupiter with me."

"Oh 'cause that's smart."

"I don't see a problem with it."

"He's a Viking thousands of years away from his time and you want to take him half-way across the U.S."

"Uh, yeah."

"Could you both stop?" Hazel butted in, her voice irritated.

"Yeah, since everyone has a problem with where our _amigo_ stays, he can just stay with me!" Leo grinned.

"No!" Everyone protested in tandem.

Leo backed down with his hands in the air.

Chiron rubbed the throbbing headache that was building at his temples. "I suppose, Hiksti should decide who he wishes to stay with for the time being."

Jason turned to Hiksti. "_Hiksti, there are the matters of your sleeping quarters. Who do you wish to stay with until we think of a way to send you home?"_

The Viking's green eyes darkened. "_How long will it take for me to return?"_

"_I do not know the answer. But time travel is just as uncommon in this time as it is in yours._"

"Oh."

_ "I am sorry."_

The boy sighed. "_It is fine. I suppose I will stay with Paersae."_

Jason nodded slowly. "He said he'd stay with Percy."

The green-blue eyed demigod nodded.

Chiron nodded. "The rest of you may retire for the evening. Percy and Hiksti, I would like a word with the both of youâ€|or well, for just Percy."

"Should I stay?" Jason asked.

"I think not. Go on."

The blonde nodded and headed out reluctantly with the others.

Once they left, Chiron looked to the son of Poseidon.

"Soâ€|do you believe that our guest is a demi-god?"

Percy nodded. "I'm almost sure of it?"

The centaur quirked his brow. "What makes you so sure?"

"Besides the creepy green eyes glowing thing?" The young man scoffed. "When we first found him he said '_Loki, pabbie_' or something like thatâ€|and 'pabbie' sound way to much like 'pappa' to me."

Chiron leaned back a bit. "The god from the story."

"Yup." Percy peeped.

"I don't like the sound of that." Chiron murmured.

The raven-head nodded. "I don't think Hiksti did either. Did you notice how uncomfortable he looked when Hazel was talking about Ragnarok?"

"_Ã%g er hÃ©rna, Ã¼Ã° veist_." Hiksti snarked from where he was

standing.

"Right sorry," Percy apologized without really knowing what he was apologizing for. "So, if this Loki is Hiksti's father and the god from the story, do you think Uranus is luring in Loki to start Ragnarok?"

"It's very possible that he is." Chiron agreed.

Percy frowned. "I don't like this."

"Me either," the centaur agreed again, "but we have to make the best of what we have right now. And right now, we have a young Viking male who needs your attention. I dismiss you for now. Currently, I myself am going to ponder this Ragnarok and Uranus."

The older demi-god nodded before turning around, he smiled sympathetically to Hiksti "who was playing with a set of pens.

"Come on, let's get out of here."

Hiksti looked up and nodded, following silently.

This worried Percy. Up until now, the boy had been very talkative. Babbling along with whatever he touched, trying to understand his discoveries. But now, the silence he kept worried the sea demi-god.

"Hey man, you alright?"

Hiksti didn't look at Percy. "_Er Æ³a° algengt a° Æ¼Æ©r a° tala um f³lk, jafnvel Æ³egar Æ¼eir eru Æ- sama herbergi_?"

Percy frowned. "You said a lot that time."

Hiksti snorted, shaking his head with a raw, mirthless amusement.

_Almost like a five year old pouting. _The other admitted to himself. _But, then againâ€|we must have made him feel very left out a while ago. Even Jason wasn't translating everything for him into Latin so he could understandâ€|we kind of justâ€|_

"Hey, Hiksti," Percy mumbled.

The Viking boy looked up.

The demi-god smirked. "_Fyrargef°a_."

The bright emerald eyes of the boy looked confused for a second, before they lit up. Percy didn't have time to brace himself for the laughing fit. The small Viking shook from head to toe, his fur vest swishing back and forth. It took a little bit to compose himself, but once he did, he looked back up at Percy "wiping a tear from his eye.

"_Fyrirgef°u_?" He asked cynically.

Percy face-palmed. "Hey man, I tried."

The Viking smiled and looked ahead, his smile widening as he saw the lake and the Poseidon cabin. He looked at Percy excitedly, before looking back at the lake.

"Yeah, yeah, you get to stay there." Percy smugly grinned.

Before he could say another thing, Hiksti limped off, his makeshift peg leg leaving tiny holes in the sandy ground. Percy quirked an eyebrow, and set after him; following behind. The boy reached the Poseidon cabin and grabbed on to one of the piece of log that stuck out from the corner. Using the overlapping logs like a ladder, he began to climb up. Percy was impressed to say the leastâ€"this kid only had one foot. He clambered up behind the Viking standing up on top of the roof. Hiksti looked out at the lake with some sort of reminiscent melancholy. His lips mouthing a word.

"Penny for your thoughts." Percy said.

Hiksti looked to him. "_TannlÃ,s_."

"Tannloos?" Percy asked. "Is that a person?"

Hiksti nodded and looked out at the lake again.

"Is he looking for you?"

Again, the boy nodded.

"Is he related to you or is he a friend." It was like playing twenty questions, sheesh.

"_TannlÃ,s__ er eins og brÃ³ir minn_." Hiksti mumbled.

"I heard 'brother' that time. So he's your brother?"

"_Ja_."

The raven head nodded. "I'm sure he misses you."

"_Ã%g sakna hans_." Hiksti murmured, before looking out to the lake again. It was like the cove's pond. Not very big, but safe. The water glistened and called to him as much as the one in the cove had called to Toothless. And it teemed with fish, he could even see some of them, swim about closer to the shore.

He sighed. _Toothless would love this place. If only he were here._

And then he had an idea. An incredibly stupid idea that only a person homesick would have. Percy looked at him questioningly but he ignored him. Raising his hands to his lips he took a deep inhale. Then he released. His Night Fury call echoed through the valley, bouncing off the lake and flying who knows where. He knew that Toothless could never find him here, but it made him feel better to call the dragon. He shrieked out another cry. He stopped when he noticed Percy shirking back a bit.

Percy titled his head apologetically. "Sorry, I justâ€|didn't expect a sound like that to come from your mouth."

Hiksti grinned and nodded. He looked back out to the lake.

"So what was that right now?" Percy asked.

The boy didn't answer.

"Hiksti?"

Hiksti frowned—he sensed something; something that felt a lot like Toothless was answering.

"_Ã%g kallaÃ°i __TannlÃ,s_."

* * *

><p>AN: Translations:**

Icelandic:

**_Ã%g er hÃ©rna, Ã°Ã° veist_: **I'm right here you know.

>Er Ã°aÃ° algengt aÃ° Ã°or aÃ° tala um fÃ³lk, jafnvel
Ã°egar Ã°eir eru Ã°- sama herbergi: **Is it common for you to talk
about people, even when they are in the same room?

>FyrirgefÃ°u:** _I'm sorry.

>TannlÃ,s er eins og brÃ³ir_ minn_**:_
Toothless is like my brother.

>Ã%g sakna hans:** _I miss him.

>Ja: _Yes

>Ã%g_ kallaÃ°i TannlÃ,s:_**I called
Toothless.

Okay guys I cheated. "TannlÃ,s" is Norwegian. Couldn't the Icelandic word for his name. You native Icelandic speakers out there, could you all tell me what "Toothless" is? Takk fyrir and see you all my next update! Bye!

10. TEMPORARY NOTE

ATTENTION ALL OF MY READERS AND FOLLOWERS:

To those of who it concerns, yes I suppose it's been a long time since I've updated. And I realize that there is a want for updates. So, I have a bargain. My original novel has recently been published, and it needs help getting out there. **If I receive a number of 15 purchases** for this novel, **I will update** **one story** of your choice for which you can vote for in my polls. Every 15th purchase, I will **update another story.** For some this might be shady, but i'm trying to get everything together which is my top priority.

Now don't take it that I won't ever make another update again, if I don't meet this number, it just means i'll update faster if you do. I'm busy with school and now thisXD think of it as an incentive. For both you and me:)

Anyways, I hope all of you are well and this message will be taken down in the next day so please be sure your remember this information. You can find my book at

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Send me a PM that you've purchased as well as leaving your vote for the poll:) TAKK FYRIR MY LOVLIES!

End
file.